

but she caught sight of the brown grass without, and the new world seemed so big that the little feet were fain to try and explore.

She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started away down a path bordered by sere grass and the dead stalks of the wild flowers.

How often had she longed to escape from the restraint, and paddle out in the world alone! So out into the world she went, rejoicing in her liberty, in the blue sky above, and the rusty prairie beneath. She would find out where the path went, and what was at the end of the world! What did she care if her nose was blue with cold and her chubby hands red as beets? Now and then she paused to turn her head away from the rude blast, a forerunner of the storm; but, having gasped a moment, she quickly renewed her brave march in search of the great unknown.

The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the pet out with him.

Jones, poor fellow, sure that the child was safe within, chopped away until that awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him half smothered by snow and frozen with cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat, he had seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him, to make sure of having enough to keep his wife and Kitty from freezing in the coming swift-ness of the night, which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world.

It was the beginning of that horrible storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones had fled none too soon.

When once the wood was packed by the stove, Jones looked around for Kitty. He had no more than enquired for her when father and mother each read in the other's face the fact that she was lost in the wild, dashing storm of snow.

So fast did the snow fall, and so dark was the night that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in snow-drifts, and he soon lost himself.

He stumbled through the drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, but not knowing whither he went. After an hour of despairing, wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and having rapped upon the door he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had returned to his own house in his bewilderment.

When we remember that Jones had not slept for two nights preceding this one, on account of his mortal quarrel with Burton, and had now been beating an arctic hurricane, and trampling through treacherous billows of snow for an hour, we cannot wonder that he fell over his own threshold in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Happy for him that he did not fall bewildered on the prairie, as many another poor wayfarer did on that fatal night.

As it was, his wife must needs give up in vain little searches she had been making in the neighborhood of the shanty. She had now a sick husband, with frozen hands and feet and face, to care for. Every minute the thermometer fell lower and lower, and all the heat the little coker stove in Jones's shanty could give would hardly keep them from freezing.

Burton had stayed upon that forty-acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and so he had concluded that his enemy had proved a coward and left him in possession, or else that he meant to play him some treacherous trick on his way home.

So Burton resolved to keep a sharp lookout. But he soon found that impossible, for the storm was upon him in all its blinding fury. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.

Had he been less of a frontiersman he must have perished there, within a furlong of his own house. But endeavoring to keep the direction of the path, he heard a smothered cry, and saw something rise up, covered with snow, and then fall down again. He raised his gun to shoot it, when the creature uttered another wailing cry, so human that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward.

It was a child!

He did not remember that there was such a child among all the settlers at Newton. He must, without delay, get himself and the child to a place of safety, or both would be frozen.

So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheek, and muttered "Papa!" And Burton held her closer and fought the snow more courageously than ever.

He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child, in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then, when he got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped her aching fingers in cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," said she.

"Kitty," he said "and what else?"

"Kitty," she answered, nor could he find out any more.

"Whose Kitty are you?"

"Oose Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he.

Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into the important little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under blankets and buffalo robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither take Kitty out nor leave her alone, he stayed by her all day, and stuffed the stove with wood, and laughed at the droll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit, fried bacon and coffee.

On the morning of the second day, the storm had subsided. It was forty degrees cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her up in skins, and with much difficulty reached the nearest neighbor's house, suffering only by a frost-bite on the way.

"That child," said the women to whose house he had gone, "is Jones's; I saw them take her out in the wagon, day before yesterday."

Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity. Then he rolled her up again and started out, "travelling like mad," the woman said, as she watched him.

When he reached Jones's she found Jones and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick from grief. Kitty they had given up for buried under some snow mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow cover off.

When the exhausted Burton came in with his bundle of buffalo skins, they looked at him with amazement. But when he opened it and let out little Kitty, and said:

"Here, Jones, is this your kitten?" Mrs. Jones couldn't think of anything better than to scream.

And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand and said: "Burton, old fellow!" and then choked up and sat down, and cried helplessly.

And Burton said: "Jones, old fellow, you may have the forty-acre patch. It came mighty nigh makin' me the murderer of Kitty's father."

"No! you shall take it yourself," cried Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."

And Jones actually deeded his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

This is why this part of Newton is called "Kitty's Forty."—*Morning Star*.

READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I had the curiosity the other day in the cars to look over the shoulder of a young person at his book, and would you believe it? It was 'Ivanhoe.' We quote *verbatim* this remark of a traveller. The point which impresses us is not the fact itself, but that it had become a fact worthy of notice, and even of some astonishment. We couple it with another saying by a professor in one of the leading American colleges, "that it was not worth while in class to make an allusion to any of the Waverley Novels, for not half the young men would know what one was talking about." Of course we do not mean our readers to understand that familiarity with Sir Walter Scott's works is part of the "whole duty of man," nor that there are no other writings worthy of the perusal of ingenuous youth.

The point is, that since light and fictitious literature is sure to be in the hands of the young, it is of some moment to find thoroughly healthy, and in many respects instructive books, the literary excellence of which is unquestionable—superseded. We do not deny that our young friends might find something better to read than even the Waverley Novels. They might find more accurate studies of history, deeper views concerning human life, works more practically useful, to say nothing of studies which look to a world beyond this present and transitory one. Our thought is not of what they might do, but of what they are doing. We ask in some anxiety, What has taken the place of these, and why the change? It is, and there is no use in disguising the matter, a change not for the better. We are aware that the best writers of the new fictions are in many respects abler artists than "the great Magician" whom our fathers delighted to honor. But there is one vast difference between that day and this, which is, that the best and purest of the present day are dealing, not with external facts of life upon a basis of assured principles, but upon merbid and interior anatomy of thoughts and feelings by which all principles are brought into question and subjected to trial.

It is in this way that a modern novel may be perfectly pure and refined in tone, and yet very pernicious. It may be true to human nature, and yet a very false beacon and guide to youth. We hold the writings which we have made, as it were, our text were eminent-

ly healthy, because they all assume an ideal of human life based upon virtue. The ideal might not be a perfect one. It did not in many respects rise above the conventional righteousness. But it did assert, and that very heartily, its own standard of truth, courage, honesty, and unselfishness. It had a place for the heroic in man, and the gentle and lovely in woman. It had a *Credo* from which was no appeal. Now-a-days all this is tentative, speculative; the reader is asked to form his or her own judgment of certain phases of character.

While this may be very entertaining and perhaps not at all damaging to old and experienced critics, it is a bad sign, we contend, when the young no longer take delight in the outward portraiture of adventure and conduct such as Scott and his school furnish.

We say it is a bad sign, because it shows that either the young desire the fiercer stimulant of unnatural and overwrought description, of works which hover on the verge of criminality, and are luscious with silly sentiment, or else that they have fallen to the lower level of tales which are devoid of literary merit, and are as poor as the gossip of a third rate tea-table.

And what we have to say in conclusion is just this: We do not ask for the young to be taught to love such writers as Sir Walter Scott—we are not mistaking a means for an end, a symptom for its cause—but we do ask that they should be taught to love such things, religious earnestness, household obedience, reverence, modesty, honor, and truthfulness, for instance, as that loving these they would naturally find themselves at home and happy in a very different kind of literature from that which we fear makes up the staple of their present reading. A boy who finds the Waverley Novels "stupid" will be but too sure to find some other novels, whose very names we do not care to sully our pen with writing, absorbingly attractive.—*Churchman*.

JOHN AND THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

John was a boy who "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lives on a small rocky farm among the hills. One day John picked an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage-stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp, to show that it had done its duty, and was henceforth useless. "The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle and carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said conscience; "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action which He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God will know it; that is enough; and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best part of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two, and gave it to the winds. The boy won a glorious victory. I hope he will grow up and be a good man and a follower of the Lord Jesus.

SELECTIONS.

—A favorite motto of Mr. Caughey, the revivalist, was: "Knee work! Knee work!" and he used often to say: "Go to all the men who have brought blessings upon the world, and you will find that they have done their work largely on their knees. It is not us who do the work, but God working in us, with us, and through us." So Spurgeon says: "If, my brethren, you want to break human hearts, learn from the old stone-breaker on the road, who, when he would break hard flint, kneels down to do it."

—Most parents think that they do their duty by being the moral or immoral policemen of their children. They watch them. They hunt out their misdemeanors. They detect them in wrong doing and punish them. Their children do not expect to be loved for their sins and follies. Hence they conceal them. They prevaricate. They hide. They dissemble. Their inner life is never revealed. They become a living lie. They are taken at their worst. And whose fault is it? Now if any one needs pity and love, it is the sinner. And particularly is it the sinning boy or girl. If any one needs the arms of love thrown about him, and the kiss of tenderness and the mother-heart and father-heart as a refuge, it

is the early sinner, And these hearts, like Cities of Refuge, should always be open to receive them.

—I utterly repudiate the worldly maxim of "Duty first and pleasure afterward." That is a poor school which does not teach, or a poor scholar who has not learned, how pleasure is a duty, and duty a pleasure. And so the words are one. For what is duty? Simply what is due; and duty done is a debt paid—received, cancelled and released. We are too apt in the overflow of life which belongs especially to youth, but lasts, thank God, sometimes into gray hairs—we are too apt to treat it in another way; too apt to dwell upon its hardness, its severe demands, its restrictions of liberty. Learn to look on it, dear children, in the truer light. It is undone duty that is hard; just as a debt owed and paid has in it a thought of pleasure and relief, of freedom from a haunting shadow which bears down stout hearts with its anxious load. And in its highest reach, your duty is a debt of honor, of gratitude, of love; whose payment is a pleasure in the act of paying, no less than in the sense of its discharge.—*W. C. Doane, D.D.*

CONFIDING IN GOD.—When a man maketh his complaint and openeth his need and grief unto his special friend, he feeleth a certain ease afterwards; so that his pain and grief, by the rehearsing thereof, is somewhat relieved, remedied, and taken away. Much more comfort and ease shall we receive by telling and opening our grief and complaint unto God. For man is soon weary and irk of our complaining; but if we should spend the whole day in praying, crying and complaining unto God, He would love, comfort, and strengthen us the more.—*Coverdale*.

USE OF THE REFERENCES.—The importance of properly instructing younger scholars in the use of a reference Bible is often overlooked. A teacher in Utica, N. Y., states in a recent letter to us, that a young person who had been for six or seven years in the Sunday-school and for the same period a member of the church, did not know how to use the marginal references in her Bible, and often wondered what they meant. This teacher very properly suggests that Sunday-school classes composed of young persons be carefully drilled into the correct and ready use of the references so that they may avail themselves of this valuable, and we might say, indispensable Method of studying a Bible lesson.—*S. S. World*.

EARLY CONVERSION.—"Do you know, I confess to you parents to a very guilty mis-giving as to early conversion, under which long labored. A great change has occurred in my convictions on that point during the last twelve months. I am persuaded that the little children may become ardent lovers of the Saviour at a far earlier age than we have been accustomed to think. A child can know and trust the love of Jesus as soon as it can trust its mother's love. The gate is not so strait for them. I have sometimes noticed, when we were on our Sabbath-school excursions in the country, that when we came to a paling, the teachers had to make a great leap to get over, while the little ones were through between the bars, and away far before us. Jesus suits the wants of those little ones who believe in Him." "Do not treat early piety with suspicion. Do not think it a youthful fancy that will soon die away. It is a very tender bud; do not brush it hard."—*Address by Rev. Mr. Robinson*.

SCHOOL.

We bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket-bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings,
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train,
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain,
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee,
And wondered when they would start!

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind!

'Twas not that his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
But the parents, love, the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new,

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour,
As we drove back through the town!
—*Episcopalian*.